

BACHELOR GIRL CHAT

HOME-MADE MELODRAMA BY HELEN ROWLAND.

"There," remarked the Bachelor Girl, holding out a newspaper and pointing to a two-column account of a fashionable divorce, with a heading in pink ink, "is another case of masculine blindness of a husband who couldn't see his wife. Why is it," she added, as the Mere Man bent languidly to glance at the paper, "that the most fascinating women seem never to be able to fascinate their husbands—that the women who have no trouble whatever, before marriage, in holding a dozen men at their feet, always seem to have the most trouble after marriage in holding one man there?"

"Perhaps that's why," suggested the Mere Man tentatively. "What?" "They try to hold them at their feet. You can't hold a man by holding him down," and the Mere Man took out his pipe with the air of having settled the question.

"No," questioned the Bachelor Girl sarcastically, "you can do it much better by holding him off." "A woman," continued the Mere Man, ignoring the insinuation, "who is used to managing men, before marriage, without any trouble, isn't inclined to take any trouble after—"

"Trouble!" exclaimed the Bachelor Girl, pointing to the pink paper at her feet, "there was trouble enough there! They flung plates and things, Mr. Porter," and she glanced up challengingly. "Of course," agreed the Mere Man, nodding cheerfully. "And she had fainting spells and hysterics and went home to her mother and—"

"Making trouble isn't taking trouble," interrupted the Mere Man obstinately, "and the less trouble a woman takes, the more she is appreciated. A queue of hearts, before marriage, is fearfully liable to develop into a queen of tragedy after marriage, and to treat her husband to after-dinner comedies and before-breakfast melodramas that would make an audience sit up and stare. The man who marries that kind of a woman doesn't have to go to the theater for excitement and diversion; he gets it in daily exhibitions right on the parlor carpet, or over the gas range or the coffee urn. A McKee Rankin melodrama isn't in it with a rousing home-made melodrama of the 'wife and mother' brand," and the Mere Man shuddered and pulled hard at his pipe.

"That a man never appreciates it," sighed the Bachelor Girl, leaning her curly head pensively back against a red silk pillow. "Appreciates it!" The Mere Man took his pipe out of his mouth and stared at her. "He is never properly thankful," explained the Bachelor Girl, "for having married a real flesh and blood woman, with nerves and temperament and sensibilities. He would much prefer a china doll, with a face that never changes its expression and hair and a temper that never gets ruffled or out of curl. Any sort of human emotions in a woman either amuse or confuse a man; but they never move him—"

"They sometimes move him out of the house," interrupted the Mere Man cynically. "There is nothing sacred or beautiful to him in a woman's highest or deepest sentiments," declared the Bachelor Girl. "Not if she uses them for dramatic display," agreed the Mere Man frankly, "and serves them up with every meal and warms them over at bedtime. A chap, I fancy, gets used to them after a while, and they become merely a disagreeable part of the speaking regime, like the plunking in the steam pipes or the rattling of the china in the kitchen, or the buzzing of the electric bells. Why is it," he added thoughtfully, "that so many women fancy that they are fascinating their husbands, and that, to hold a husband's interest, they must treat him to a vaudeville show of emotions from the wedding day to the grave? Why do they revel in 'scenes' and 'rows' and 'situations' and things? A man hates a 'rumpus' as a cat hates a shower bath; and he'll run from a woman who deluges him with her emotions just as a cat will run from the person who drops a dinner plate on its head. A woman can't get devotion or anything else out of a husband by fighting for it."

"No," agreed the Bachelor Girl spiritedly, "but a china doll with a patent smile and a mechanical heart can get anything on earth she wants out of him, just by sitting up and 'speaking' for it, like a pet dog or a trained monkey." "Well," protested the Mere Man, shifting nervously in his chair, "she's so comfortable. She doesn't run home to mamma, nor lock you out, nor make a fuss over you."

"Of course not," assented the Bachelor Girl scornfully. "And a man, like a cat, detests being made a fuss over. He likes to be loved and admired at a distance and prayed to and burned incense before, like a Chinese deity. You must prostrate yourself at his feet—but don't get on them!" and she gave the red silk pillow a spiteful little punch behind her head. "And don't try to keep him under your feet," added the Mere Man, warningly. "At least don't try to do it by weeping and fainting and running home to mother. You may sob him into apparent regret, but you can't sob him into true repentance. You may run him from a whizzing plate or a broomhandle, but you can't make him run in the right direction."

"And you may faint," rejoined the Bachelor Girl, bitterly, "until you are blue in the face, without ever stirring his soul beyond the point of fetching you a glass of water and the bromo seltzer. The masculine soul has a strip of wood in it somewhere that nothing can pierce. Instead of being touched or distracted by the sight of a wife in a fit of nerves or hysteria, he sits off and looks at her as he would at a play that bored him. His one emotion is a passionate wonder as to when it will all be over. And when it is over, he merely breathes a sigh of relief and immediately proceeds to step on her dignity or her sensibilities again and—"

"But he can't help it!" interrupted the Mere Man desperately. "A touchy wife is like a tea-table with a lot of china on it. Always in the way, always being upset or jostled or hit against. The only thing to do with both of them is to avoid them as much as possible—as husbands always do," he added with a chuckle. "Yes," assented the Bachelor Girl coldly, "running away from trouble or a wife is man's favorite pastime."

"As for that," retorted the Mere Man, "when you come to think of it, there's nothing particularly fascinating about a tea-table, with or without a lot of china on it. It's just a piece of furniture, and it's just as much a part of the household as the stove or the refrigerator. And when you think of it, there's nothing particularly fascinating about a wife, either. She's just a piece of flesh and blood, and she's just as much a part of the household as the stove or the refrigerator. And when you think of it, there's nothing particularly fascinating about a wife, either. She's just a piece of flesh and blood, and she's just as much a part of the household as the stove or the refrigerator."

will keep him toppling on the edge of a domestic Vesuvius. He's not looking for an ocean voyage in a storm, but for a pleasant little sail on a placid lake—" "With a wooden marionette," broke in the Bachelor Girl, picking up the paper and waving it dramatically. "That will dance when he pulls the string and keep perfectly still when he doesn't; that will stay where it is dropped and smile when it is picked up again, and doesn't give a fig what he does or says, or where he goes, so that he is there when the bills come in—"

"And he always is there!" declared the Mere Man, with conviction. "He's there as soon and as often and as long as possible; because that kind of a wife poses the one fascination that will hold a man at her side; the fascination that is greater than physical beauty, or mental brilliancy, or coquetry, or cooking, or anything; the—"

"The fascination of nonentity?" interrupted the Bachelor Girl, scathingly. "No," corrected the Mere Man; "the fascination of being comfortable to live with!" and he knocked his pipe on the side of his chair emphatically. "The Bachelor Girl set down her teacup with a thoughtful expression, and studied her own case for a moment. Then she smiled up at the Mere Man. "I don't know whether I agree with you or not," she said. "Then don't try to—"

"Nor whether to fling this teacup at your head, or to tell you how clever you are." "Think it over," urged the Mere Man anxiously. "Nor whether I ought to rage at the insult you have offered!" interrupted the Mere Man, rising hastily. "You're just time to walk it," acquiesced the Bachelor Girl sweetly as she handed him his overcoat. "The Mere Man sat down again, with a disappointed look. "You didn't ask where," he said, reproachfully, "nor why, nor act hurt or insulted, nor ask me to stay in my house. 'I'd fly into a tantrum for you this minute,' declared the Bachelor Girl with a ripple of laughter, "only—it's too much for you."

"You are comfortable!" murmured the Mere Man. "I guess I'll stay—as long as I can." "You always do," gurgled the Bachelor Girl, as she handed him a cup of steam-infused tea and dropped two lumps of sugar in it.

MADAME SPECTATOR'S OBSERVATIONS

By CATHERINE ALLMAN.

Surgical operations seem to be the order of the day, and as one humorist puts it, it is not the proper thing to greet one's friends with the old-time greeting of "Good morning, how's your liver?" but one must say: "Good morning, have you had your appendicitis cut out?"

Of course, all this is rude parlance at best, but physicians say the fad for operating has become a mania, both on the part of practitioners and their patients. It would be rather annoying to undergo the pain and expense of being operated on for appendicitis only to learn that it was unnecessary after all. Wise doctors of medicine, however, do not enlighten their patients when such small mistakes occur, and only charge a trifle more for the useless labor to which their skill has been put.

Not long ago a rather garrulous woman acquaintance was obliged to go to the hospital, and a number of her friends who are really very fond of the little lady made it a point to send flowers and fruit and other tokens of their friendship, and to call upon her when she had reached the stage of convalescence. "Well," I overheard one of the latest sensations with a little sigh after a lengthy interview with the invalid: "I don't know what all that fuss has cut out, but one thing is certain, she hasn't had her vocabulary cut out."

Will no one stop the frenzied publishers from issuing so many "six best sellers," or, as one caustic critic has put it, so many "six best killers"? If one were to keep up with all the literary stuff turned out nowadays, one would spend one's waking hours and sleeping hours in reading books in each hand, and then be unable to discuss all of the latest sensations. Unless young people read the standard fiction and classics before they reach the days of clubs and parties, there is small hope for their mind culture, for where are the elders that have the time nowadays to snatch away from the "latest book out" to devote to those that have been the longest out?

I know of one indefatigable, up-to-date clubwoman who buys her fiction by the dozen and sticks a book in every room of her spacious house, so that every spare moment of her busy day is spent in perusing a new volume. She is a household, and social duties may be spent in keeping up with current topics and fiction. A friend of hers, who seems to do about as well in conversational fireworks, confided to me that she never made a pretense of reading the latter-day novels except in rare instances, but she collects all the reviews, which she reads carefully, and then goes around and discusses such and such books with the studious Mrs. Up-to-date, who gives the plot and epigrams in greatest detail. After that the fair, but canny, friend is ready to discuss any book under fire, while Mrs. Up-to-date pays the occultist bills and takes expensive cures for brain-ache.

In one of the downtown stores one may see throngs of women hovering about the counters to procure a certain spicy narrative written by an Englishwoman of erotic tastes. The saleswoman assured a sharp-nosed customer that orders for the book would not be filled for the next three or four days. "Well," then," suggested the customer, "suppose I pick up another book, 'suppose I take this one home to read until the other book gets in? Then when you deliver my order I can just send this back." "Madame," responded the girl, with a toss of the head that loosened her store coronet braid, "this is a book shop, not a circulating library for the public."

The complex of living nowadays is one too complex for the average brain to find a reason. Some say we are suffering from an overdose of civilization, and that luxury makes cowards of us all. Race suicide, a topic on which ministers, sociologists, and political economists have an excuse for talking in solemn tones on the degeneration of the maternal feeling, and the sublime gift of parenthood and all that sort of thing, simply is a result of the struggle for existence and desire implanted in our over-civilized brains to reach a more highly developed stage of perfected material existence. Philosophers and poets alike are haunted by the wage-earner and wage-spender hearts, the spectre fear of the "cost of living." And yet, like the sore on the little boy's toe, it is very much there, and confronts the person of the head that loosened her store coronet braid, "this is a book shop, not a circulating library for the public."

Probably the woman who brings up a growing family of children, and who has to make each penny stretch a little further than the Lord ever meant it, should feel more of this fear than any other person, as the little worried lines about many a woman's tired face will testify. Especially is this true of the

MUSIC MEN PROTEST

Victor Herbert and Isidore Witmark in the City.

APPROVE BILLS IN CONGRESS

Do Not Want Their Works "Canned" or "Mutilated" for Phonograph or Gramophone Users—Takes Twelve Minutes to Play "American Phantasy"—Cannot Be Played in Less.

Victor Herbert, the composer, who is in Washington as a member of the Authors and Composers' Copyright League to protect the interests of the authors and composers against mechanical devices, has coined a new name for aptly terms it.

Mr. Herbert, when interviewed by a number of newspaper men at the New Willard, said in part: "I don't know of a better name for the pickled noises reproduced by the average phonograph record and gramophone disk than 'mutilated melody' for mutilated it is if ever a man's brain work was. 'Take for example 'An American Phantasy.' This piece requires twelve minutes to be played, yet it is freely reproduced on phonograph records which only run three minutes.

"Think of it, a twelve-minute selection given in three—seven minutes of the composition torn bodily to pieces by these 'mechanical music murderers' and the poor, mutilated body is sent forth to be scattered broadcast over the country as a sample of my work. "Do you think the music lover in the other parts of the country who has never heard of my work, is going to take kindly to it, after listening to this distorted reproduction? Well, hardly! "What is the result? The demand for my music will decline below par, the bottom drops out of it, and not only is my reputation injured, but my profits from the sheet music publishers (who pay me royalties) is badly crippled, as the sales decrease, so do the royalties."

George Ade, Will M. Cressy, Isidore Witmark, and several other well-known authors, composers, and actors, who were at the same table at the Willard, expressed similar views of the copyright situation.

Never has an issue been before the two Houses that has aroused the universal interest in the intellectual world that the present copyright bill has. Composers and other "brain workers" all over the country are watching with tireless energy the outcome of the great fight for justice.

At present there are a number of these fighters in Washington, prominent among whom are Victor Herbert, George Ade, Charles Major, Isidore Witmark, Mrs. Elinor Glyn, and a large delegation is expected daily.

George Ade was emphatic in his protest against the present condition of the copyright law, and his attitude belied the idea of his being unable to assume a serious aspect—he was the soul of seriousness, and in the few moments following delivered a "straight-from-the-shoulder" talk that was convincing.

"The whole purpose of the law providing for patent rights, trade-marks, and copyrights," said Mr. Ade, "is to reward and encourage the man who turns out something brand new. It may be an attachment to a self-indicator. It may be a new name for a soda biscuit. It may be a story. It may be a popular song. He has invented something and anyone who copies the invention or reproduces it must get his consent and pay something. All these propositions

are as simple as A B C, and no one denies them. And yet, for some reason, many persons, including some lawmakers, seem to believe that while it is highly proper for the inventor of a mechanical device to make a million dollars, an author or composer is being overpaid the moment he can show a bank account.

"Ask Congress Protection. "The men who write books and plays simply ask Congress the same protection that is afforded any other citizen who invents something that can be sold to the public. If the authors and composers get the protection they ask, if they are guaranteed the right to collect royalties on dramatic productions, on perforated music rolls, on sheet music, and on discs used in talking machines; if they get all they ask for and all that they dare hope for—not one in the whole lot will make as much money during his natural lifetime as an ordinary prosperous manufacturer will make out of a patented car-stake or a catchy name for a family soap. I never heard of a millionaire author in this country. Even the most successful writer or composer has a large percentage of failures. When he does score a hit, he is entitled to his reward. If the public is ready to buy reproductions of his play or book or song, why should he not receive some part of the profits accruing from the sales, since he provides the essential ingredients? It seems almost a waste of time to argue such a self-evident proposition. The trouble is that the composers and authors are not bunched into unions and cannot bring pressure to bear on their representatives. But they are all in favor of the Kittredge and Burchfield bills which seek to protect them."

DEYEING THE HAIR. Not all of us know that the practice of dyeing the hair comes to us from the hairpins of the East, where they even try experiments in hair coloring on babies two or three years old.

It seems though, as if the more enlightened women of the West should know better than to tamper with the hair, as it not only can always be detected, but is often positively injurious to the health.

Especially is the practice foolish when the hair is beginning to turn gray, as it accentuates the lines of the face and frequently injures the hair follicles that decrease in strength with advancing years, at any rate.

WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

WHAT SHE SEES AND HEARS.

Years ago, when I was younger, I initiated a romance; 'Twas a tale of love and daring Told with wealth and circumstance. And the editor who read it Said he liked the thing first rate; 'But it needs a little changing To be strictly up to date.

"Here you have your John and Mary Through a shady dell stroll off. The old-fashioned 'can't you let them go and play a game of golf?'"

So I went and learned the lingo, Studied golf for a long story, And I filled my lovely story With a golfing atmosphere.

Wrote the editor: "Your story Please, but it lacks gone thing; Can't you make it seem more modern By some talk of motorizing?"

John and Mary were chafing; But I stopped their little cart, Made them wait while I was learning Automobile terms by heart.

Wrote the editor: "That's better! But why have them play croquet? What was a croquet a story story? With some talk of bridge to-day."

Bridge is difficult to master, But in thirty weeks or less I could write bridge talk as well as Any one on earth, I guess.

"Very good, your plot," he wrote me, Just throw in some 'wireless' status— Wireless stories are the go now, And will send a check at once."

John called Mary up by wireless, After, say, six weeks or so— (You can't get the terms of wireless Right at sleep unless you know.)

Back my manuscript came liking, "We will use your stuff," he said, "If you'll cut the automobile, Put an airship in instead."

Years ago I wrote that story, And perhaps someone says, "Ere I die, will me fit it So it will be up to date."

Saw Bettie Golf, There are still parts of this country Where golf, so far from being out of date, is a thing of day after to-morrow, or late

this morning at least. A man I know is spending the winter down in Mississippi, and every afternoon he works diligently over a course of seven holes, laid out in the pine barrens. The natives overlook the eccentricity because he's from the North, and Northerners are known to amuse themselves in extraordinary ways, and they don't mind his playing so long as he doesn't bother the sheep or kill any razor-backed. One recent afternoon a backwoodsman—"of billy" is the local term for him—passed that way, and stopped to watch the singular gentleman. The golf man was not "in form" that day, and a gallery did not add to his enjoyment. The "hill-billy" watched him wad up sand for a tee.

"Golf," he said, "I seen 'em play that air game over to Pass Christian." "Did you?" remarked the player, "Yup."

The player addressed the ball, swung his driver back, and fozzled hideously. "Yup," said the audience, "I seen 'em." He reeled into silence while the player scooped up another hillcock of sand to tee.

"Yup," he remarked, as he turned to go. "And when I seen 'em they played it well."

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

By BETTY BRADEEN.

There are women who have a positive genius for making one dollar go as far as two in the hands of the ordinary spender, but they are not women who read the advertisements with a view to buying whatever strikes their fancy. They are women who have a clear idea of their needs and who know just how much money can be spared to cover them, and when they read advertisements they look over bargain counters they are always in search of things they need, and are tempted by nothing else, no matter how low its price mark.

A woman of this class keeps on eye upon her belongings and repairs when necessary, or replaces articles too far gone for repair. She takes stock of her wardrobe and alters whatever seems hopeful, and makes additions when needed. Whatever she buys is chosen after mature consideration, and is sure to fit in with all her surroundings. I found such a woman the other day planning to dress her bed so that a pair of hemstitched sheets and four pillowcases to match, bedrooms, might form a part of the dressing. The sheets were made before double width sheeting was put on the market, and there was a beautifully sewn seam in the middle of each. The pillowcases

were too narrow to accommodate any pillows she had in stock, so she had to do some hard thinking. She was resolved to put those old pieces to some use, for there was a elaborate fagoting, as well as hemstitching, on them, and the cloth was better than can be purchased to-day at any price.

She solved the problem before I left, and I know without seeing the bed that she has achieved her usual success at telling effects. The four pillow cases and one sheet will make a handsome valance for the bed and over it will be thrown an old-fashioned crocheted spread, in a shell pattern—another heirloom. The other sheet will furnish a sham that will cover both pillows, broad enough to tuck down back of them at the top and spread smoothly over the top of the coverlid. Had anything be prettier in a simple bedroom with pale gray walls bordered in blue, with a green furniture, and ruffled curtains of white muslin? And the cost was nothing but thought and a moderate expenditure of time in the making.

This same woman has a reputation for artistic dressing that she earned wholly by cleverness. Her yearly outlay for new garments is very insignificant, but she has the occasional services of a home dressmaker, who knows how to carry out suggestions as well as cut and fit garments. When a new frock is needed it is chosen with an eye to long service, so the color and design are unobtrusive and the fashion one that permits a wide variety in trimming and accessories. It is decidedly clever to go straight to the many details of a toilet that the foundation sinks into oblivion, in a way, and the keen eyes of this woman's feminine friends apparently never discover her little tricks, for to them she owes her reputation for artistic dressing. I presume she has the usual aversion to small economies, but since she must practice them, she does her best like the sensible woman she is.

BANANA PIE; CANDIED CITRON A novelty for the home candy makers is candied citron. Go make it. Peel and core the citron and cut it into strips or cubes. Weigh the fruit, and to each pound of it allow a pound of granulated sugar and a teaspoonful of water. Put sugar and water into a porcelain-lined kettle and cook to a syrup, laying the citron in it as soon as the sugar is dissolved.

When the fruit is tender take it out of the kettle with a perforated spoon, and spread on a broad platter while you add a little ginger to the syrup, then boil it until it is thick.

Stir in a little lemon juice, return the citron to the kettle and stir until candied and thick with sugar, then drain and lay on platters to dry.

Banana pie is the latest for the pie weary. This does not mean that the fresh fruit is sliced up—it is a much richer fruit than this and is made of evaporated bananas. They are treated like dried apples of old before being made up into pastry.

The evaporated bananas hold a dozen things for the house that gets tired of its bill of fare. Breakfast food, pancake flour and cookies with a dainty flavor all their own are made from the banana flour. "Of which," say the cooking experts, "you can't make anything that can be made of white flour." Banana figs, which are dried in their own syrup, are a new form of the fruit to add to the preserve table, and banana syrup is put up as a rival of maple syrup in flavor.

POPULAR SKIRT MODEL.

The pleated skirt, either box pleats or side pleats, with medium length cutaway coats, fitted to perfection and bound with braid, is the popular skirt model this season.

The skirts are extremely full below the knees, so that the pleats give the effect of a lot of material being used. Rarely are there tucks or folds on the skirt, but occasionally two or three inches of braid are used. Silk mohair braid, with some effective design worked in it, is often chosen.

Double-faced woollens are shown, one side of one color, the other of a contrasting tone.

The prune shade is also much in evidence and seems unusually popular with children's tailors.

A red faced with dark green, a blue faced with golden brown, are among the many combinations shown.

This double-faced cloth is extremely economical, as it supplies at once both the dress and trimming.

This is essentially a color season. The only adjective that can properly be applied to the assortment of new materials is brilliant.

It is thick a coat can be made of it self-lined. In many of the heavy double-faced cloths a wide side is often of a plaid or checked design.

Tartans in great variety and brilliancy are shown for children. One of the newest weaves seen recently had green, red, orange, and blue skillfully blended.

The Cheerer Alone. The "official checker" stole into her room and quietly locked the door. Then she threw herself upon the bed and abandoned herself to grief unstinted and deep. For a half hour she shook with dry-throated sobs, filled with pain, and then when her face was blue spotted with red and her eyes were purple-rimmed, she sat up and smiled that sunny smile which was the unfailing cheer of office and home.

"There, that's over of two months, at least," she said, as she reached for the cold cream with one hand and for her powder-puff with the other.

Every up-to-date woman knows the necessity of a smart gown which may be worn with equal propriety at church or when making afternoon calls.

The skirt (2753) is a five-gored model, and is pleated in the latest approved style, fitting snugly around the hips and flaring stylishly at the hem. Trimming is not essential to a skirt of this type, a plain effect being more graceful. Taffeta, Louise, Panama, or fine serge might be used for making this costume, the medium size requiring 2 1/2 yards of 2-inch goods for the waist, and 4 1/2 yards of the same width for the skirt.

A GRACEFUL VISITING COSTUME.



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The price of these patterns is 20 cents, but either will be sent upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps, and addressing Pattern Department, The Washington Herald, 124 Fifteenth street northwest, giving the numbers (2752-2753) and size wanted.

QUART OF REASONS FOR BEING SLEEPY.

The man who is always having entertaining things happen to him has been telling me that he spent the holidays with some cousins of his—he said they lived in New York, but I happen to know their New York is more than Brooklyn is. Anyway, he was going home in an elevated train late one night, but my heart stood still. I had dropped a match into that tin thing, and when I looked I saw it must be the hair receiver, because there were remnants of two burnt ten-dollar bills in it—just the numbers left. Of course, I was going to tell Aunt Matilda and have her throw it up to me all the rest of my life. I put in two bills to replace the ones I'd destroyed and threw the evidences of my guilt into the fire. Aunt Matilda said, "Just told me I could have taken those chattering remnants to the Treasury, or somewhere, and got new money for them. That makes \$60 in all! 'I'm out, doesn't it? And this hat is what comes of having a cautious aunt."

Willie to Take "Leoric." A very dear old lady has been visiting my friends the B's. She is not a wine bibber, as the temperance tract will tell, but she is not at all bigotted. Neither is she in the slightest degree worldly wise. The other day at dinner she gently declined wine. At the close of the dinner Mrs. B. said to the new waitress: "Bring the liqueur now." The liqueur was brought.

"You ought to have a little of this, Aunt Sally," said Mrs. B. Aunt Sally smiled.

"I will, thank you," she said. "I never drink wine, but I'm sure a little innocent leoric won't hurt me."

Tired of Great Man's Praises. As to the horrifying speech Mrs. X., from Chicago, made at a luncheon last week I am disposed to be charitable. We all of us say things we wish afterward we hadn't said, and in spite of the awfulness of Mrs. X.'s remark I happen to know that she has never set fire to an orphan asylum, or put sugar on lettuce, or done anything else worthy of capital punishment. She's a religious woman, too, and even if Mrs. Z. isn't going to ask her to dinner, I don't believe she meant to say anything depraved. Perhaps she was tired of hearing the Great Man's praises sung—there was a man, you know, who blackballed Aristides because he was sick and tired of hearing him called "the Just." Maybe the Great Man's name on the cover of the magazine and signed to the prefaces of books got on her nerves. Maybe she was tired of getting his views in her fashion magazine when she wanted a recipe for hair tonic. Maybe she doesn't appreciate universal genius anyway. At any rate, I don't presume to judge her. The other women had talked of him till it really seemed as if the sun didn't rise till he got up and yanked it over the horizon, and Mrs. X. said, mildly:

"No doubt before he Great Man's praises sung—there was a man, you know, who blackballed Aristides because he was sick and tired of hearing him called "the Just." Maybe the Great Man's name on the cover of the magazine and signed to the prefaces of books got on her nerves. Maybe she was tired of getting his views in her fashion magazine when she wanted a recipe for hair tonic. Maybe she doesn't appreciate universal genius anyway. At any rate, I don't presume to judge her. The other women had talked of him till it really seemed as if the sun didn't rise till he got up and yanked it over the horizon, and Mrs. X. said, mildly:

"I really die laughing every time I hear that story."